

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES.  
VOL. XXX.

MAY, 1878.

NEW SERIES.  
VOL. VII. NO. 5.



For The Dayspring.

## HOW BILLY MADE FRIENDS.

BY REV. N. SEAVER, JR.

 SUPPOSE no little head ever did harder thinking, and no little tongue ever made more good promises in a short time, than the head which Billy the newsboy wore, and the tongue which talked for it, after Christmas Day was gone. He had made up his mind to stop fighting, swearing, and other bad habits. "I am goin' to be gooder, just like what the man told at the Christmas-tree," said he.

He was "gooder;" but, for all that, not a day passed on which he did not lose temper and break some of his good resolutions. On the very first day, a boy spattered some dirty water on his "Heralds," and spoiled their sale. Billy, with many hard words, chased him into an alley, and used his fists until he got some clean papers for the soiled ones. That is the way in which newsboys generally settle their law-suits,—a cruel and dirty way, which I don't recommend to any boy who respects himself, but full as respectable as the way many lawsuits are conducted in court.

In three days, Billy had about given himself up as a hopeless case; and I hardly know what would have come of all his good resolves if he had not met with the following adventure. He went out on the Back Bay to see the skaters, and returned quite late at night, going a little out of his way to pass over Officer Thatcher's beat. He had one or two "Heralds" left over, and wished to make a small return for that officer's kind words. Fortunately, he found him; and was more than repaid by his hearty "Thank you!" and the good advice concerning late hours which came with it.

He did not stop long, for the night was one of the coldest of the winter, so he took a short cut home through Lawson Court; but, near the middle of the court, he stopped again. There was a man on his knees trying to unlock the back door of a store where the boy often sold papers. Billy's suspicions were aroused; he thought he heard the jingle of a huge bunch of keys, and did not think that the man was one he had ever seen in the store. Soon the bunch of keys fell with a clang on the steps.

"Spit on yer hands," said Billy, who had never promised himself he wouldn't be saucy, and who wanted to hear the stranger's voice, as well as see his face. His experiment was successful, but perilous; for the man sprang up suddenly, and aimed a kick at the lad, which only missed because he lost his balance and fell on the ice. Billy was off in great haste now, and none too soon; for, when the man recovered his feet, he hurled an iron bar, which rattled against the brick walls and pavements, but luckily missed the boy's head.

Billy was going back the way he came: he felt sure here was a case needing the attention of Officer Thatcher. He did not get further than the corner, however; there he ran into something, was thrown down, and, before he knew what had happened, a tall man had him by the arms.

"What do you mean by running into me in that way?" said he.

"I didn't go to do it," said Billy, struggling to get free; "but there's a buglar at Hill & Ransom's back door, and I was a runnin' for the police."

"If that's the case," said the tall man, "we'll go and see."

Billy held back; but his captor gripped his arms like a vice, and dragged him to the door.

"Don't fool any longer with the lock," said the new-comer, who was a partner of the man at the door. "Saw a hole, and put this youngster in, and he will bring us the key hanging up behind the office door."

"I won't!" said Billy, stoutly. "Hill & Ransom is my customers."

"You can have your choice between doing that and being choked," said the thief.

Billy made no reply; but, like a toad under a harrow, kept up a great thinking.

Presently the hole was sawed.

"Now, what will you do, youngster?" asked the tall man.

"What'll you gimme if I bring the key?" said Billy.

"Ten dollars."

"Then it's a bargain: give us the money."

"You shall have the money when you come back. Off with your coat and boots, be lively, and don't make any noise."

Had Billy turned thief so easily? You would not have thought so if you had seen him. He had remembered a glass ventilator hung on hinges over the front door, and which fastened by hooks on the inside, and he made directly for that instead of the office; and so, when his captors were waiting for him to hunt the key, he had climbed through the ventilator into another street, and was spinning along as fast as his little legs could carry him towards Officer Thatcher's beat.

When he found him, he was almost too much out of breath to speak.

"Burglars!" he gasped, — "at Hill & —Ransom's. — They—shoved—me—in—arter a key, — and—I—climbed—out o'—the—the—the ventilator!"

Fortunately not many words were needed to make Thatcher understand the case. In less than a minute, he was hurrying towards

Lawson Court to watch the thieves, and Billy was running to the nearest police station for help.

This plan worked admirably. The burglars soon got tired of waiting for the boy to appear with the key, and began working at the lock. They thought Billy might be hiding in the store, and were entirely unprepared for his re-appearance with Thatcher at one end of the court. Of course, the thieves immediately took to their heels; but were met at the other end of the court by two other officers. Then followed a short struggle, and the rogues were captured; but one would certainly have escaped if Billy had not tripped him, and got severely kicked while clinging to his legs. Indeed, the boy was so badly hurt that he could not walk, but Thatcher carried him to the station in triumph on his shoulders; and there it was first discovered that Billy's toes were frost-bitten, for you must remember that he had been running barefoot in the icy streets since his escape over the "ventilator."

Billy was in court next morning as a witness, and amused the lawyers very much with his odd way of telling his story; but he felt far more important when the "Herald" came out in the afternoon with a report, for there was his name printed for all the world to read.

"WILLIAM DUNCAN!" And a very profitable day it was for Mr. William Duncan; for he got a witness-fee in the morning, and fairly shouted himself hoarse in the afternoon and evening, crying, —

"'Ere's the 'Erald! Five a'clock! Tells all about how me and Officer Thatcher 'rested two BUGLA-A-a-a-rs!!!'

Some folks laughed at him; but he could afford to be laughed at, because he sold three times as many papers as usual. Yes, it was a profitable week too; for Hill &

Ransom were not men to pay off such service with empty thanks. They gave him twenty-five clean, new dollars, and promised to be friends to him if he ever needed help or advice. And Officer Thatcher, although a poor man himself, added to Billy's happiness, by helping him to put his money in a bank, and by bringing a good suit of clothes that Charley Thatcher had outgrown.

And so Billy found friends, and the various other ways in which they helped him, first and last, cannot now be told; but you may be sure that Billy spent a Happy New Year, and that he never repented trying to be "gooder." His toes were sore for a long time,—but what of that! I think he really enjoyed the pain, because every twinge told him that little friendless chaps like him could be of some use after all.

**MAKE** yourself a necessity. That is, learn your trade so well, and work at it so faithfully, that your employer cannot get along without you. If he is the man he ought to be, he will help you on the moment he discovers this; if he is unfair and selfish, his very selfishness will compel him to make you favorable terms the moment you become your own master.

THE doctrine that the necessity of labor is a blessing, and not a curse, cannot be insisted upon too strongly. It is to this very necessity that mankind owes not only its first redemption from the savage state, but every step of its advance in a civilization, from which, we trust, a great deal more may be expected still.

Good manners is the art of making those easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred man in the company.

For The Dayspring.

### THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM IN LONDON.

OF course, the readers of the "Dayspring" have seen the picture of the "Home and Chapel, of the Children's Mission," in the February number, and read of the good work accomplished by that benevolent institution.

And now I want to tell you about a similar institution, called "The Foundling Asylum," which I saw in London.

In that great city there are many poor little children without fathers or mothers, who would, perhaps, starve, or grow up in sin and ignorance, if some kind people did not take pity on them. Now, this great Foundling Asylum is for just such poor little waifs, who have no home of their own, and no one to care for them.

Every Sunday, there are services in the church connected with the Asylum, and the children sing most beautifully. Visitors are always welcome at this service. So, one Sunday morning, we called a "hansom," one of those two-wheeled cabs, in which the driver's seat is perched up over one's head, quite out of sight of his passengers! And it really seemed as though our pony were going quite at his own sweet will, and that, perchance, he might *will* to run away with us. We were whirled around corners, through long, narrow streets, and, finally, arriving at Guilford Street, were driven into an imposing court, and brought, "with a graceful sweep," to the front entrance of the Asylum.

It is a large stone building, of a sombre gray color. Perhaps you might call it "London smoke," although it is not less smoky in appearance than almost every other building in London.

A man "in buttons" stood at the door,

as we entered, holding a plate, which he presented for our offering. And as my generous friend was minded to put in rather more than is customary, a small boy was sent to conduct us to one of the best seats in the church. In front of us was the gallery; and, as we glanced up, what a pretty picture we saw! There were between three and four hundred children; the girls one side, and the boys the other.

All the girls were arrayed in the sweetest little white Normandie caps, perched daintily on their pretty heads, white bibs and aprons, and brown stuff dresses.

The boys wore brown suits, all made alike. And, oh! what sweet voices they had! It seemed almost like a choir of little angels chanting the responses so sweetly. Although they didn't behave quite like angels, they were very good, considering the length of the services; for in the Church of England there are so many prayers for "Our most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria;" for "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family," that the service is a very long one.

After morning service, the children had their dinner, and visitors are allowed to witness this event. The little boys are all in one room, and the little girls in another. We entered the boy's dining-room just in time to hear their sweet voices as they joined in singing Grace. After this, they devoted their whole attention to the cold boiled beef and potatoes, which, with bread and water, constituted their Sunday dinner.

The little girls had the same bill of fare, and they seemed to enjoy it fully as much as the boys.

Before leaving, we went over the building. We saw the different school-rooms, all fitted up with little desks, and looking

very pleasant and sunny, and quite like some of our own school-rooms.

We saw, also, the boys' and girls' dormitories. They are long rooms, with rows of little iron bedsteads; and every thing looked neat and clean, and the floors were as white as if they were scrubbed every day.

Almost all these children have happy, contented faces. Unless they are adopted by some kind people, they stay in the Asylum until they are fourteen years old, and are then apprenticed. And let us hope their lives are peaceful and happy after they leave the Asylum, and that they will never forget the good lessons taught them while there, but will grow up to be good and useful men and women.

J. T. R.

For The Dayspring.

#### LITTLE MOTHER.

SUCH a tiny maiden,  
Playing little mother!  
Running after this one,  
Picking up the other.  
Rocking baby's cradle,  
When she hears him crying;  
Stooping down, unbidden,  
When the shoes need tying.

Such a little mother,  
With a face so cheery!  
Little feet so willing,  
Never growing weary.  
Keeping in her pocket  
Such a tiny thimble!  
Sewing on the buttons  
With her fingers nimble.

To this busy maiden  
Says her naughty brother,  
"We won't let you boss us,  
'Cos you ain't our mother."  
Says her cousin Harry,  
"Girls are such a bother!"  
This is how the children  
Treat this little mother.

RIPPLE.

For The Dayspring.

## FROSTY WINDOW-PANES.

BY FRANK A. TYLER.

H dear, dear!" cried an impatient voice, "I do wish this wouldn't come on the window; for I cannot see Willie and Ben coast down the hill." And then we heard a scratch, scratch, upon the glass; but the hand was too small by far to make much headway in clearing a space through which the soft gray eyes could peep, and watch the boys at their play. The voice grew more fretful as sounds of rollicking fun reached the child's ears; and still she could see nothing of the good times going on outside.

"O Auntie! I don't see why Jack Frost need come and fill up all the window-panes, do you? And Willie *told* me to look out, and see what good times he and Ben would have; for that was all *I could* do, because I was a girl, and girls mustn't coast. Now I can't see them, and there, there they come!" and the sweet young face looked grieved and disappointed, and the gray eyes were full of tears.

"Why, my sorrowful darling, let Auntie see what she can do for you;" for no one could resist the pitiful look in the blessed little face. "Before we wipe out Jack Frost's picture, let us look at it, and see what he has made. Oh, what a beautiful window-pane! Don't you think he is a wonderful painter to accomplish so much in one night? Look here, Ba,"—we call her Ba because she is the youngest, and will always be half a baby to us,—"see what mountains and valleys he has made! it looks like the home of a Swiss mountaineer, only there is no *châlet*. The fields and trees are perfect; but what is this down in a corner, and half covered by the tall bushes? See, little one!"

"Why, it is a funny little house, Auntie. I didn't know Jack Frost ever painted houses. Are those pretty pointed things trees up there?"

"Yes, or we will call them so; for they look like the pines that grow upon grandpapa's land, where we have our picnics in June. Here are some rocks, and, Ba, I do believe this is a waterfall. The picture is one of the prettiest Jack ever made, I think; and reminds you of a real picture I saw one beautiful day, not very long ago, when your Uncle Joe and I were so far away from you."

"What do you mean by a *real* picture, Auntie?" asked the child.

"I mean real mountains, and valleys, and rocks, and waterfalls, and all the works of God's hands, are real pictures."

"Were there any little children in the real picture? Won't you tell me about them? Jack Frost hasn't painted any children on the window, has he?" inquired earnest little Ba.

"Not upon this one; but we will look at the others, and who knows but what we may find some boys and girls, and a cow coming down the hillside with a bell on her neck, and ever so many goats with ever so many bells on their necks; only we cannot hear their merry tinkle, tinkle, as we do in the real picture."

So Ba examined very carefully the dainty tracery of the Frost King, intent upon finding a suggestion of little children, or a cow, or a goat or two, when Auntie called her.

"What is this but a big boy running; and,—let me see if I cannot manage a donkey out of something. Yes, here he is, only he has but two legs and a half, and one ear; but never mind, he has nothing to do but to stand still, and *this* donkey can hear as much with one ear as with two."

"Do they have donkeys, and cows and goats with little bells ringing, in the real picture? Tell me about it, please, Auntie."

Now Ba had quite forgotten her brothers, who were coasting down the hill; and, clambering into her mamma's chair, she nestled herself among the crimson cushions, apparently with the kindest feeling toward Jack Frost, whose meddlesome fingers had shut out so much anticipated pleasure. She was ready to see the real picture; and never was sweeter one than her upturned face and earnest eyes presented, when, in her pretty coaxing way, she said, "Tell me about it, please, Auntie."

"First, I will tell you about the berry girls, for some of them were younger than you; and it used to make me feel very sorry to see little children, no larger than Ba, running after our carriage when the hot sun was shining upon their uncovered heads. Sometimes they were so close to us that I was in terror lest the horses would knock them down, or a wheel pass over them; but, although they appeared to be in so much danger of both, nothing of the kind ever happened. They offered us the berries their childish fingers had picked; and there was no knowing how weary had been the climb before their baskets were filled. But they felt amply repaid for their hard work, when counting the bits of silver we gave in exchange; and then, bobbing their funny little heads to us, and courtesying an adieu, off they ran to gather other baskets full for the next traveller who might chance to pass over the same road."

"What kind of berries did the children have in their baskets?" Ba inquired.

"Strawberries, raspberries, and cherries sometimes,—such delicious cherries that we always preferred them to the other fruit. Then the baskets were so pretty, I was glad to pay for them, and bring them

home; and you shall have one for your own little work-basket, if you will promise to keep it very nicely."

"I *will* keep it nicely; and, oh, what a dear Auntie you are to give me a basket, and tell me such a nice story!"

"You are not tired, then, my little one? If you are, and would like to see the boys at play, I will take Jack's picture away."

"Oh, no, no! I like the story best. I thought, at first, if you could just scratch a little place way up on top of the mountain, perhaps I could see Willie and Ben come down the hill once; but now I don't care: and if you will tell me some more about the boys and girls, Jack's mountain may stay."

"Well, then, these children were droll little sprites. Almost without exception, they had faded yellow hair, and pale thin faces: not pretty, but very polite and well-behaved, which is far better than being pretty and rude. Sometimes, when very anxious to dispose of their baskets, they became a little troublesome; but, if they meet a stranger on the road, he always receives a pleasant 'bon jour!'"

"What does that mean, Auntie?" asked the child, with eager look in her bright eyes.

"It means, 'Good morning!' pet; and a very polite, sweet, and cheery greeting it was to us, strangers in a strange land."

"What kind of houses do they live in?" questioned the interested listener. "You called *that* some name I didn't know," pointing to Jack's bit of architecture in the frosty corner.

"They are called *châlets*,—wee houses with roofs that look too large for them; and these roofs are held firmly by large stones placed upon them. The houses are painted usually a brown color, and are located so far up on the mountain that we

could not see whether they were neatly kept; but they made a pretty feature in the real picture. We saw the women at work in the field, dressed in bodices and short skirts, flashing their sickles in the sunlight till the hillside seemed sprinkled with bright stars. Dozens of children were at play on that beautiful height; and dozens of dear little goats that I used to love so well, because, like the old woman of Banbury Cross, 'they always make music wherever they go.' From a window in our hotel, I could watch the cattle and the goats come down the mountain, cross a clear little brook, but stopping to quench their thirst by the way, and then wander up another pathway, each to its own home, with the sweet tinkling of their bells reaching me all the while. Then the sun would have dropped behind the great mountains all covered with snow; and such a rosy flush would sometimes overspread every thing, that God's real picture became so perfect, so grandly beautiful, that it made me very homesick, and down, down came Auntie's tears."

"Poor Auntie dear!"—and the soft little hand patted my own,—"would you have cried if Ba had been there too?"

"Perhaps not; for I wanted my little one, and her papa and mamma and everybody, to see that blessed real picture that the dear Lord's hand had made. And now do you not think that Jack Frost is a splendid old fellow to come and paint our windows in such dainty fashion as to remind me of all these beautiful things?"

"O Ba, Ba!" shouted Willie, as he burst open the door, "why didn't you look out and see us coasting? We have had such fun,—haven't we, Ben? Don't you wish you were a boy, and could have such jolly good times as Ben and I?"

"No, Willie, I would rather be a girl,

and hear Auntie tell her story about little children that pick berries, and goats,—and oh, look at the window! Jack Frost made mountains and every thing last night while we were fast asleep; and a donkey without all his legs, and only one ear; and down there is a *challis*, and that means a house, where the children live, and —"

"Oh, hear, hear!" said Willie: "*challis*, — nothing but airs. Ba has been taking a lesson in French, has she?"

"No: but Auntie called it so, and I know it is right; and she says the little boys and girls in Switzerland are very polite to each other; and that children with homely faces look pretty, if they are polite; and if *you* are not polite, you will not be pretty."

"What I said was this, Willie," interrupted Auntie. "Children should always be well-behaved, civil to each other, courteous to all. Then, if their features are plain, no one would ever think them unpleasant to look upon; for a kindly heart and sweet disposition shine out of the eyes, making the dullest of them bright. Remember it always, dear boys, and let your gentle thoughtfulness for the comfort of others prove your greatest charm. This will insure for you the good-will and affection of all."

BOSWELL says of Johnson: "His superiority over other learned men consisted in what may be called the art of THINKING, the art of using his mind; a certain continued power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knows, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner."

WE do not usually get our highest good or our deepest enjoyments from set times and seasons, events planned, persons expected; but from those which are entirely unforeseen and undreamed of.



## HOME AGAIN.

THE April number of the DAYSPRING contained a picture of Willie and Annie Wardlaw carrying food to a hungry dog which their father had found under a bush on the lawn. He was very gratified for the food they gave him, and they were much pleased with their new pet. When he had eaten enough, they called him into the house, and had a fine frolic with him. They were anxious to learn his name, and found that Jack was the one he answered to best. They made a bed for him in the shed, on which he lay for a few nights; then Mr. Wardlaw had

a nice kennel made for him and placed inside the stable. The children became very fond of him, and he became much attached to them. They were afraid at first that he would seek another home, as he had sought theirs, or that his old master would come and claim him; but soon these fears died away. Many a good time did they have with Jack; and, when vacation came, they were sorry to leave him at home while they went to visit their grandmother. The picture shows what rejoicing there was when they returned.

For The Dayspring.

## LITTLE FIGURES.

### CHAPTER V.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

 T came at last, — the letter, I mean. Marcia ran upstairs with it; but soon came back, looking very happy.

“It’s good and sweet and kind, — just like herself,” said she. “But how solemn you look! Please don’t! I should think you had all killed Maltie, and were expecting a sentence.”

I’m not at all sure that we didn’t feel so. She handed me the letter. I read it aloud: —

MY DEAR MARCIA, — I am sorry to lose my dear old Maltie; but I should be a great deal more sorry to lose my little friend Marcia, as I should assuredly do if I could not forgive her heartily, and not only *like*, but *love her almost* better than before. I know her warm heart is full of love for all God’s creatures, and I know how sore and sad it has been at the thought of poor Maltie’s tragical end. Dear Marcia, let us look on the bright side. Maltie was getting old. Her years would have been few at best. She might have become lame or blind or asthmatic. Life might have seemed a burden. Time might have hung heavy on her paws. Worse than all, she might have been killed by dogs, as was one of her predecessors. Think what, perhaps, you have saved her! Above all, have no fear of losing the love of your old friend, to whom yours is so precious.

Yours, ever so truly,

JANET RENSHAW.

P.S. I hope Jacky’s grief will not dispose him to go into (coal) black. Don’t fail to laugh at this.

“Isn’t she splendid?” cried Marcia, when I had finished. “So kind! I feel a great deal better now. It isn’t that I’m not just as sorry as ever; but, somehow, I feel more — *resigned*. ”

Mother smiled.

“Jack shall not go into *coal-black*; but

he must show *some* respect for Maltie’s memory,” continued Marcia. And she produced a piece of narrow black ribbon from mother’s basket, which she proceeded to tie round his unwilling neck. After that we had no more anxiety about Marcia. We knew she was herself again.

But I must tell you about our Clavers Court School. Angie and I started together the next Sunday afternoon, each *armed*, as she said, with a Moody and Sankey hymn-book. Mr. Kingsbury met us at the door. Rufus was already there, pinning up mottoes, and making himself generally useful. The children came flocking in. One or two parents came also, holding their toddling little ones by the hand, and seeming almost as curious as they.

“What a motley crew!” whispered Angie to me. “How it would delight Marcia’s heart to be here! These must be genuine rapscallions.”

Marcia’s word came so queerly from Angie’s lips that I could not help laughing. Then, as I looked at a group of girls, huddled up together in a corner of the room, looking at us so wistfully, so expectantly, and withal so half-defiantly, I could have cried, they seemed to have so little in common with Marcia or Ruth, or any happy girl who had a pleasant home and loving friends.

I think now that I was wrong. They have a great deal in common: the same struggle for the right; the same happiness when they attain it; the same misery when they fail. If they do not see the right just as we do, whose fault is it? Not theirs, surely. As for the love, many of them have that too; differently expressed, perhaps, but still genuine. Mr. Kingsbury says there are bits of brightness scattered round everywhere. Perhaps these poor

children pick up and use what we should not consider worth noticing. I have watched these same girls since, when talking with their teacher; and some of them are really pretty to me now.

But this is a little digression, and I must not digress. After the opening exercises, in which Rufus made the old organ *speak to us*, and we sang "Only an Armor-bearer," in a spirited if not impressive manner, Mr. Kingsbury arranged the classes. They were necessarily large; but he hoped that difficulty might be remedied in time. Rufus looked over at us, and nodded brightly, as he marshalled about a dozen boys to a corner of the room, and seated himself in their midst. A quiet little lady, dressed in black, took possession of the *corner girls*, at which Angie and I were immensely relieved. It was finally decided that we should share twenty small chicks between us; which we did, each trying to be strictly impartial.

Then came the trying ordeal, — the meeting those twenty curious eyes, whose little owners had come there for — they knew not what. I was to tell them that. *How could I do it?*

Mr. Kingsbury, who still stood near us, looked down at me kindly.

"I am afraid I can't," said I, seriously. "There seems to be so much to say that, somehow, it overwhelms me."

"But if we never do what we *can't*, we never shall do what we *can*," said he, encouragingly. "That isn't original. I found it in a little poem the other day. Isn't it expressive?"

"Very. Then I must do what I *can't*?"

"It seems so. These children are not much larger than your brother Bertie. Surely you would never be at a loss for words for him."

My brother Bertie! My heart warmed

toward these little creatures as I thought of him. The twenty curious eyes ceased to appall. Indeed, I smiled boldly into them, and received a number of sweet little acknowledgments in return.

"Was I the teacher?" asked one bright little fellow.

"Yes, I was the teacher."

"But I wasn't the kind of a teacher that Biddy Sales had; for she had a whole platform to stand on, and a round thing to whirl about, and *a'most a hundred* boys to talk to."

"No: I wasn't that kind of a teacher. I was a Sunday-school teacher."

"Would there be cakes and candy at Christmas?"

"I couldn't tell. It would be a long, long time before Christmas came. They must be very good, and wait patiently."

They all promised. I took the smallest one upon my lap, and tried to tell them what Christmas meant. They all crowded round me, hungry for any thing that had even the semblance of a story. When I told them of the shepherds and the angels, one of them gravely informed me that "Timothy Dillon had a lamb *onct*;" and the little one in my lap took hold of my chin with his plump fingers, and held it fast while he whispered that "there was angels in Cragie's shop, for *he seen 'em*."

I told them, as well as I could, what Christ came to teach us; that he came to show us how to be good and kind and unselfish toward each other. I was beginning to feel quite at home with them when a large boy sauntered in, and seated himself just behind them. He sat down with such an evident determination to listen that I was quite disconcerted, but resolved to take no notice.

"So," said I, "if Benny Brightman had

an apple, and gave half of it to his little sister, he would feel" —

"Benny Brightman hain't got no sister," interrupted a chorus of piping voices.

"Well, his little brother, then," hazarding another guess. "He would feel a great deal happier than if he ran off into a corner, and ate it all himself, — wouldn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the children, while Benny smiled complacently.

Imagine my surprise when a gruff voice behind them echoed, "Yes, ma'am!" adding, insolently, "He'd feel so happy as never was; wouldn't you, Ben?"

The blood rushed into my cheeks. I kept my eyes down, that the children might not see them. Oh, for Ruth's coolness, or Marcia's good temper! I felt all on fire; and it was so hard to speak calmly, especially as Benny was now scowling fiercely, and most of the other children were tittering.

"He would think," I began, when the voice interrupted again: "He'd think, — Oh, yes! I know what he'd think. He would think," — imitating my tone in a comically impudent manner, — "He would think, 'Don't I wish I had that half apple! My sister hain't got it all eat up, I know. I'll pinch her till she gives it back.'"

Benny got up, turned deliberately round, doubled up his fist, and gave his tormentor a smart blow between the eyes. I felt like clapping my hands, and shouting "Bravo!" — but, of course, that wouldn't do.

"Benny," said I, "this isn't being good. Sit down, this moment!"

He obeyed, — his little face flushed, and his lip quivering. I had put out my hand to draw him to me, hoping by some means to soothe his ruffled spirit, when the larger boy leaned over, and pulled a stray curl which hung in his neck, saying, tauntingly, "Ben wouldn't know how to eat a whole

apple. There ain't no corners in Ben's house for him to hide in, — oh, no!"

This was too exasperating. In a twinkling Benny was up on the seat; and, before I knew what he was about, he was over the back of the settee, and had fairly leaped into the large boy's arms. They fastened tightly round him, but were utterly powerless to prevent the small hands and feet from doing quick and skilful execution in the way of a general belaboring.

I sprang up; but my authority was at an end. The noise attracted the attention of the whole school. Bright eyes were turned inquiringly in our direction. Stolid faces, which, perhaps, the utmost efforts of the teachers had failed to light up, were all alive now. "A fight! a fight!" was whispered from one class to another. Worse than all, from Benny's little lips came a succession of dreadful oaths. He was almost beside himself with rage.

Mr. Kingsbury came to the rescue. I told my story with scarlet cheeks and blazing eyes. I expected, for the large boy, nothing less than instant expulsion. Nay, I wished for nothing else. Did he not richly deserve it?

Judge of my surprise when Mr. Kingsbury, by a dexterous course of questioning, drew from him the fact that he had come to the school at the request of a sick mother, who wanted him to be a better boy. He hastened to add that he himself had no such desire. But when the minister said, kindly, "Yet you came to please her: that was good, I am sure," he looked disconcerted, and really blushed.

Rufus happened to be passing just then, and he whispered to me that he had a great mind to try him. I tried to dissuade him; but all to no purpose. He invited the large boy to join his class, and the invitation was half sullenly accepted. Well, if he gets

into a fight there, it will be with boys of his size,—that's one comfort.

" You see there's a germ of goodness there," said Mr. Kingsbury to me as he walked off.

" A *very little* germ. Do you mean his love for his sick mother?"

" Yes. We ought to bear with him for her sake,—and," he added, after a little pause, " for his Father's sake."

" His father?" I looked up, inquiringly; but something in his face answered me. I repeated the words over and over to myself, until my fiery indignation cooled, and I could even pity the bold, bad boy a little " for his Father's sake."

But for poor little Benny my heart went out in sympathy. After the others had gone, I drew him to me, and tried to comfort him. At first, he resisted stoutly; but soon I saw the sun peeping out from behind the clouds in his bright face. He is evidently one of the " flashy" ones, as Margaret says,—poor little fellow!

But, when I spoke of those fearful oaths, he looked up into my face with a serene unconsciousness of my meaning. I could not make him understand their wickedness; and what wonder, when he informed me, with an important little air, that " his father said 'em every day." I thought of Bertie, who had scarcely even heard an oath in all his life. Yet they are both God's children. He sent Bertie here, and Benny there. How strange it all is!

As Angie and I walked home that day, we seemed to realize, as never before, the beauty and sweetness of our dear home surroundings. We opened our hearts to each other in a manner quite unusual; for we were both rather shy in the expression of our deeper feelings. I told her of Mr. Kingsbury's forbearance with my tormentor, with whom she had been hardly less in-

censed than I. We waxed quite pitiful toward the large boy; and were firmly persuaded that his impudence was the result of adverse circumstances, rather than natural depravity. Indeed, we made up our minds that we should be very happy to do him good, if we only knew how; which we were very sure we didn't.

But for the *little* ones, many of whom came from wretched, loveless homes,—the *little* ones, to whom that cold foster-mother, the world, might be kinder than their own,—for them we would work with all our hearts. Dirt should not frighten us, rags should not appall, nor wickedness daunt. If they were repulsive, we would try and remember that they were God's children, just as we were, and do our best to bring a little brightness into their lives, " for His sake."

So we *talked*, but, alas! alas!

*To be continued.*

THROWING STONES.—Throwing stones is dangerous play for boys. A little boy in a village lost one of his eyes in consequence of a stone thrown by one of his school-fellows. The stone struck the eyeball and destroyed the sight in a moment.

A boy in another place was sadly injured in the head, not long since, from the same cause.

Two little boys in Dorsetshire, named Loder and Tomkins, aged seven and eleven years, had a trifling disagreement, when the former, in anger, snatched up a stone and threw it at Tomkins. It struck him on the ear. The poor boy died the same night. A verdict of manslaughter was returned against Loder. If any of our readers are guilty of the bad habit of throwing stones, we trust that this will be a warning to them.—*Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

THE THREE WISHES.

"EDITH, grave sister Edith! I should so like to know,  
If those strange times could really come, we read of long ago,  
When fairies granted people's wishes, one or two or three;  
Pray tell me, if you had but one, what that one wish would be."

"I'm somewhat fearful, Jessie, it would not be very wise,"

Sa'd Edith, meeting with a smile her sister's laughing-eyes;

"But I'd choose the purse whose contents could never have an end, —  
The wealth that always would be mine, whatever I might spend.

"But I should not want the money to waste on rich array,  
Or even to use in travelling to countries far away;  
I'd rather give to all my friends just what they'd like to own,  
And help the poor and needy, — but still remain unknown.

"I'd make homes for the orphans, and pay the widow's rent,  
And send the needed moneys just when their own was spent;  
And all the good I could I'd do, and nobody should know.  
How happy I should be myself in making others so!"

"That's Edith's wish: now, Walter, if it were in your power  
To have the thing you wish for most, this very day and hour,  
What would you choose?" And Jessie, impatient, laid her hand  
Upon the student's shoulder, his notice to command.

"What would I have?" said Walter, as he pushed aside his book,  
And fixed upon his sister an earnest, thoughtful look;

"Perhaps my wish, like Edith's, may not be very wise,  
But, truly, power and influence are what I most should prize.

"I'd like to sway the souls of men, with words of truth and might,  
To aid, with winning eloquence, each effort for the right;  
I'd like to make all bad laws good, all good ones better still,  
And have as much of power to help as now I have the will.

"But while my eloquence and zeal I use as best I may,  
And Edith, with her fortune's purse, drives poverty away,  
What will our merry Jessie do? How shall her wish be told?  
For neither golden speech she'd ask, nor yet the purse of gold."

"My wish," said smiling Jessie, "'twill not take long to tell;  
Indeed, I think already you know it very well.  
I'd have the gift of winning love, wherever I might be;  
And dearly, in return, I'd love the friends who cared for me.

"My days would all be happy, with love to make them bright,  
And the work I do not fancy now would then be sweet and light;  
Oh! with such a fairy blessing, my life would surely be  
A sunny, cloudless, summer day, from care and sorrow free."

Then Jessie dropped upon the rug, beside the easy-chair,  
And laid her head on mother's lap, as if her place were there;  
While Walter watched her sweet young face with all a brother's pride,  
And Edith took again the work a moment laid aside.

Then Walter spoke: "Here mother sits, and has not said a word,

But still I think that every thing we're said she must have heard;  
And if she had the wondrous power to give us what we want,  
I'd ask her which, if any, of our wishes she would grant."

Softly the mother laid her hand upon her Jessie's head,  
And turned a loving glance upon the others, as she said,  
"Yes, dears, I've heard your wishes, and I think I need not call  
On any lovely fairy queen for power to grant them all.

"My Edith's purse of fortune shall be the Christ-like heart  
That in the joys and sorrows of others can take part;  
That ever gives kind, loving words, and deeds of gentle grace,  
And makes a summer sunshine in the darkest, saddest place.

"The power that Walter seeks must come through loyalty to truth,  
And earnest effort for the right, in manhood and in youth;  
For self-forgetting, patient toil its just reward shall win,  
And every noble act shall help to free the world from sin.

"And, though you find you cannot aid *all* those who are in need,  
Remember that it is the will gives value to the deed;  
That God can make the grain of wheat bring forth a hundred-fold,  
And each unselfish, truthful life has influence untold.

"And for our baby, Jessie, sitting at mother's feet,  
Who cares for nothing but the love she ever thought so sweet,  
The fairy gift she need not ask, her heart with joy to fill;  
Already it is hers to have and keep, if so she will.

"'Tis but to give to those around the love she fain would win,

Asking, expecting no reward, save the sweet peace within;  
And full and deep the answering tide shall, soon or late, roll back,  
For love that asketh no return can ne'er know any lack.

"So, darlings, take your fairy gifts, and use them as you may;  
Doing with joy the work God gives to each one, day by day.  
Make bright and fair the present hours, as on they swiftly move,  
And leave the unknown future to the Father's watchful love."

A. E. A.

REPORT is a quick traveller, but an unsafe guide.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every minute of time.

DON'T preach charity, and leave somebody else to practise it.

GOOD-NATURE, like the bee, collects honey from every herb.

WORRY wearies and wears out more than work. Anger creates disease.

IF all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but, when they seldom come, they are wished for.

TOO much attention cannot be bestowed on that important yet much neglected branch of learning, — the knowledge of man's ignorance.

IT matters to us in life, not so much what part we play, as it does to play our part well. In a drama, it is not so much a question who played the king or the peasant, as who played the part best.

IF you have talents, industry will improve them; if you have moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever obtained without it.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for May contains Lessons XXXVI.-XXXIX. of the Series on the Old Testament. The titles of these four Lessons are : "David among the Philistines," "David established king," "The Rebellion of Absalom," and "The Death of Absalom." The June number will be published on the twentieth of May; and immediately after the ten monthly parts — from September, 1877, to June, 1878, inclusive — will be published in a neat volume at a low price.

THE DAYSPRING for JUNE will be published on the fifteenth of May, and will contain a very pretty *Sunday-school Floral Piece*, entitled "Christian Symbols." A larger edition than usual will be printed, and those wishing extra copies can be supplied with them at three cents each.

GOOD MORALS AND GENTLE MANNERS is the name of a work designed for schools and families, by Alex. M. Grow, A.M. It is divided into forty-four chapters, with such titles as "Good Society," "Habits," "Courage," "Chastity," "Temperance," "Veracity," "Fidelity," "Amusements," "Patriotism," "Dress," "Conversation," "Behavior in the Street," "Behavior in Church," &c. It seems to us that some teachers of older classes in our Sunday schools would find this book highly suggestive.

It is proposed to have a Children's Table at the New England Hospital Fair to be held in December next. It is hoped that steps will be taken at once to have all children in Boston Sunday schools contribute.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm: swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

## Puzzles.

### BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.  
My 25, 18, 19, 10, 11, 6, was the place where Joseph's brethren fed their flocks.  
My 20, 2, 22, 11, 10, was one of the twelve tribes of Israel.

My 1, 7, 17, 11, 18, 10, 11, 6, was a friend of David.

My 8, 11, 4, 7, 17, was the god of the Philistines.  
My 15, 24, 12, 10, 3, 11, 23, 18, 6, was one of the cities of the tribe of Judah.

My 1, 21, 3, 14, was a name by which one of the apostles was sometimes called.

My 9, 5, 17, 19, was what the patriarchs dwelt in.  
My 13, 16, is a personal pronoun.

My whole is a declaration from the Sermon on the Mount.

### SQUARE WORD.

1. A small coin.
2. An adverb.
3. A cruel tyrant.
4. To run swiftly.

### ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

#### ENIGMA NO. 1.

Earnest.

#### HIDDEN CITIES.

1. New Bedford.	4. Newport.
2. Hartford.	5. Paris.
3. San Francisco.	6. London.

#### RIDDLE.

Panorama.

#### ENIGMA NO. 2.

Tantamount.

## THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,  
7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy . . . . . 30 cents.  
Four copies to one address . . . . . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.  
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.